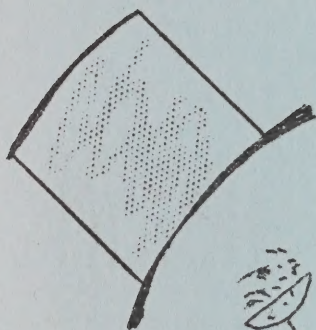


MARCH

1977

JP
Cym

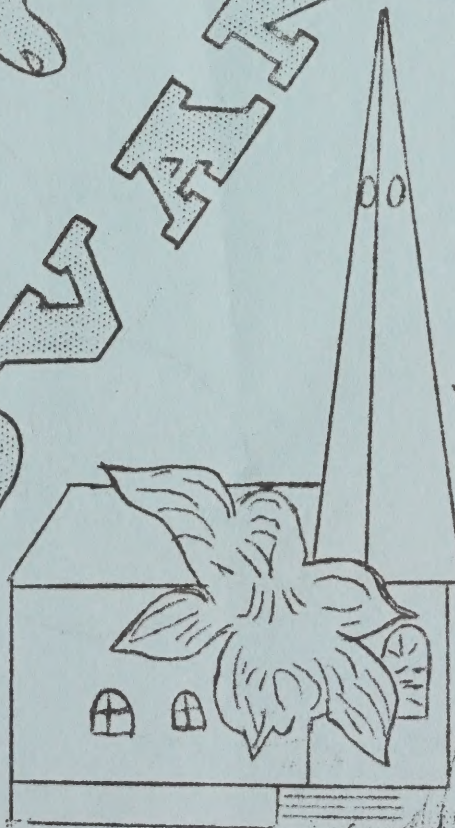


ST. PATRICK
DANCE

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

APR 21 1977

LIBRARY



EASTER

APRIL



HEAR YE,

HEAR YE,

I would like to remind everyone in here that the "Advance" is YOUR paper and YOUR voice. If we don't get some input we don't have much of a magazine at all. Some of you will say "So what!" This is our line to the outside world. I think that it is worth a little effort. We need and welcome any and all articles you wish to submit. Without your help we can only do so much. So how about it? This little message goes out to all inmates as well as any and all interested persons who are presently reading this publication. I would like to thank those who have contributed to this edition and am looking forward to working on the next edition. How about a little more help and concern from the rest of you people. If we do not tell it like it is nobody will.

The Editor

"nick"
2

(NOTES FROM THE EDITOR)

JOYCEVILLE HAS NEW DIRECTOR:

Mr Neufeld, former Deputy Regional Director of Security for Ontario since 1974, has taken over the reign here at Joyceville, replacing Mr. W. Chitty who has moved to Regional as Deputy Regional Director Inmate Training Program. Mr Neufeld is married and the father of two teenage boys, 16 and 14.

When this writer talked to the new Director, many areas were discussed. Programs that are in progress and projected programs that are needed for the Inmate population. Mr Neufeld said that it will take a little time for some of the future programs, such as Community related projects, where Inmates and outside people can work together in building better relationships among the inmate population.

The Pilot Project now in effect is just a beginning here at Joyceville. It is anticipated that several other projects will soon be available to the inmate but at present they are still in the talkative stages.

The Director explained to me that in order to implement some changes and create more programs, that the inmate must want and be sincerely involved in order to make these programs a success.

Our sports program could be enlarged, Education can be advanced, many areas including L.U. and Classification Personnel be directly involved in all inmate affairs.

We discussed the T.A. Program. Since the Directors arrival he has met with several inmates concerning T.A. He will look into this further and hopes to come up with a more improved method of releasing more people on T.A. He will also look into all T.A. that have been deferred and refused. He is concerned and will do all he can in order to provide more and better relations in this respect. Mr Neufeld assures everyone that if you have a problem that cannot be handled by your L.U. or Classification Officer, all you have to do is request to see him and he will take the time to talk with you. If you happen to see him in the hall and it is important that you see him, just stop him and he will be glad to help you.

He also stresses that as an institution, there must be regulations in regard to security. There are no plans to regulate more harsh or maximum type security but, Joyceville is a prison and requires security, and it must be maintained so. Even though the scope of security lies around us, doesn't mean that beneficial programs and projects cannot be implemented within the confines of Joyceville.

Mr Neufeld has his hands full and hopefully the men here will give all their consideration so that better understanding and relationship can be achieved.

Mr Neufeld was very impressive and friendly and what impressed me the most, (and it has never happened to me while in prison,) was the courtesy shown me when I walked into his office--He stood up--with a warm extended handshake--and addressed me as "Mr."

EDITORIAL

On many occasions when a judge sentences a man to a lengthy prison term, he qualifies his reason for such a long sentence as being partly a deterrent to others. That such deterrence has no substance in fact is established by the appalling numbers of men in our prisons today. In spite of the frequent sentencing of men to supposedly deterrent sentences, crime is rampant.

The phrase "as a deterrent to others" is not keeping with justice as it does not serve the ends of justice. It has an inference that, if there was no necessity for a deterrence, the sentence would not have been severe in the first place.

That being the case, there is no justifiable reason why an individual should suffer that part of a sentence that is added on, in the fallacious belief that its design will deter a nebulous potentiality in a majority of others. The continuation of such a practice when its application has no practical value is inconceivable.

Yet, long sentences with the "deterrent label" are still being handed out. That this is so can only be interpreted as the effect caused by public opinion, or interested groups with a personal motivation. It is not to the credit of the judiciary that they can be swayed by public influences. However, it may well be true.

For example, a teen-ager was recently sentenced to a fairly heavy prison term on a charge of robbery. This was during a time when robberies were a little more prevalent than usual and an aroused public was clamoring for that proverbial pound of flesh. Other men had received much lighter (and more rational) sentences for the same crime. Why then the distinction in the teen-agers case if it was not for the benefit of public opinion?

Particularly when the youth is still in his formative years and is an excellent prospect for psychiatric rehabilitation, it is to be wondered if this young lad's sentence will prove a deterrent to others.

I THINK NOT!!

(NICK)

On many occasions when a judge sentences a man to a lengthy prison term, he qualifies his reason for such a long sentence as being partly a deterrent to others. That such deterrence has no substance in fact is established by the appalling number of men in our prisons today. In spite of the frequent sentencing of men to supposedly deterrent

sentences, crime is rampant.

The phrase "as a deterrent to others" is not keeping with justice as it does not serve the ends of justice. It has no substance in fact. If there was no necessity for a deterrent, the sentence would not have been severe in the first place.

That, before the case, there is no justification for why an individual should suffer that part of a sentence that is added on to the sentence for the crime he has committed. The continuation of such a practice when the application of the law is made is a deterrent to others.

Yet, long sentences with the "deterrent label" are still being imposed. They are only being interpreted as a deterrent to others, or interpreted as a deterrent to others. It is not to the credit of the judiciary that they can be swayed by public influence. However, it may well be true.

For example, a teen-ager was recently sentenced to a fairly heavy prison term on a charge of robbery. This was during a time when robberies were a little more prevalent than usual and an aroused public was clamoring for that proverbial pound of flesh. Other men had received much lighter (and more rational) sentences for the same crime. But then the distinction in the teen-ager was it was not for the benefit of public opinion.

Particularly when the youth is still in his

formative years and is an excellent prospect for positive

this rehabilitation, it is to be wondered if this young

lad's sentence will prove a deterrent to others.

E
D
I
T
O
R
I
A
L

SOCIALIZING & VISITING

don nielsen

It has often been said that man is a social animal and that he suffers when isolated from his fellow human beings. It is also assumed, by various professional people that socialization, of one type or another, is very important in maintaining a certain degree of mental stability. Stated in another way, people need people and without contact with friends, family, loved ones or other members of the community, a person tends to become withdrawn and will, in time, isolate himself from his fellow human beings. This is true of many types of animals: monkeys live together; lions live and hunt together; birds exist in flocks; and fish swim about in large schools. Whatever the reasons, we know that contact within any species is important.

Man is the same as the other species of animals mentioned: he forms families; joins social groups; has various social activities and, for the most part, tries to affiliate himself with his fellow man. There are, however exceptions to the rule. The prison inmate, who is locked away, separated from his family, friends and loved ones must fend for himself. While it is true that the inmate, by his anti-social attitudes and actions, has placed himself in his particular situation, it should also be evident that in order to best help the social offender, he should not be totally ostracized from society. Total ostracization will only lead to bitterness and pent-up feelings of hostility, two conditions which are not good either for society or for the individual.

As an inmate, within the prison system, I can see various solutions to this problem. First of all, there should be more opportunities for inmates to interact with other members of the social community. This could be done through the introduction of interested outside groups of people being allowed to come into the prison and interact with inmates. I realize that there are groups who come in but it should also be noted that not all inmates have drinking problems, and not all inmates share common religious beliefs. These groups are good for a certain percentage of the population but what about the rest? There must be other programs which would be beneficial to a wide variety of inmates. I can see the problems associated with outside groups. Problems in regards to prison security, to public participation, as well as inmate participation; however, I am sure that there are plenty of people, both inside prison and outside, who would be interested in programs of this type. Prison security, as important as it is, can surely see the importance of socialization and interaction between people.

In recent interviews, a Mr. Stuart Leggitt, a parliamentary M.P., stated that prisons are to serve two main objectives; first of all, that of protecting society and secondly that of rehabilitation. He also went on to say that rehabilitation is obviously not functional in our present system. I, for one, believe that this is a well known fact. What can be done about it is one question, of many, that seems to be unanswerable. This is one aspect that I will not deal with because, like so many other people, I have no idea what will work. I do, however, believe that social intercourse is important. Whether it is with interested members of the community or with one's own family and friends.

(Con't)

One aspect I'm sure all inmates and administration personnel are aware of, is that of support from family, loved ones and friends. When the inmate applies for Parole, Day Parole or even Temporary Absence Passes, one of the questions raised is that of outside support. The irony that few realize is that the system that has incarcerated the inmate has also hindered him from obtaining and maintaining the required support. For an example of this, let us consider the number of visits an inmate is allowed--two visits per week. From any perspective the amount of time is poultry. When worked out on an hourly basis, this figures to approximately five or six hours per week. Let us look at the situation, how can anyone, you, me or any individual—who has only six hours per week to maintain a relationship with his wife and family, keep that relationship alive and healthy? Now let us go a little further, suppose that out of this six hour period you had to divide this time between your wife, your parents and your friends. It doesn't leave a great deal of time to spend with any of these people. I cannot speak for other people and I do not wish to, however, I would like to express my own views and opinions in regards to this aspects of prison life.

Family and friends are among the most important aspects of life, for any individual, whether he is incarcerated or not. I am one of those fortunate individuals who has a loving relationship with my wife as well as my parents. Because of the two visit per week regulation I have had to ask my parents to forego a weekly visit in favour of a visit once a month or sometimes less. My wife and I cherish the short amount of time that we are allowed to visit and because of this do not like to share that time with anyone else. It is not a selfish but a necessary act of emotional survival. We require those precious hours to work out problems, share plans, work out domestic situations and grow together. I personally believe that a two visit per week policy is archaic and feel that the regulations could be changed. Inmates, family and community support are important to the Parole Board and yet, the inmate, as well as his family must continue to battle against what appears to be insurmountable odds against maintaining his relationship. And this is where I run up against a brick wall. Policy can be changed but who has the power and the authority to do so? And why, when both issues discussed above are favourable to possible rehabilitation, isn't anything being done? This is a typical "Catch-22" which seems to be so prevalent with the Canadian Penitentiary system.....

The inmate is here for punishment and rehabilitation but if we treat him like a person and rehabilitate him then we aren't punishing him. But if we punish him too much then he isn't rehabilitated enough upon release... and the vicious circle continues. One way to break that vicious circle is, in my simplistic but heartfelt view, allow inmates more than a six hour per week access to his wife, family and friends.

FROM THE EDITORS
SCRAPBOOK

LEILA

"I can remember the first time we met, as if it happened a few hours ago" the old man said, "the big deal finally came through--I was in real estate" he said explanatory, while filling and lighting an ancient worn pipe. He took a few puffs and spoke again.

"Made a lot of money in them days--yes sir. Took that holiday I had been promising myself for a long time. Rented a yacht at San Diego, coasted all the way down to San Lucas and then up the Gulf of California, Golfo de California, the Mexicans call it. There is a small island way up, Isla Angel de la Guarda, Island of the guardian angel, where I stopped for a few days to refuel and for some more canned food, had my fishing tackle repaired as well. There's just one small village on the island, else it is a pile of rocks, and I dropped anchor near a big cliff jutting out into the open sea."

The old man's deep, slow voice had a mesmeric effect on me. I could see and smell the ship, the ocean, feel the heat of the sun searing my skin--and then we met her. There was the black rock growing out of the deep, like petrified fingers of a primordial giant trying to claw the isle back into the sea. In the shimmering light I saw her. She was looking at us from the water, half reclining, half poised for flight.

The old man relit his pipe, and this brought me back to reality. "I could make out her features," he continued. "Prettiest face I ever saw, big green eyes, pale lips, white teeth sparkling in the sun, her long hair jet black. I moved nearer and like a flash, she was gone. Some swimmer. I said to myself, and then the net I had put out to catch bait dipped and bobbed. When I started to pull, I knew I had something big. I put a lot of power behind my heave, in those days, over thirty years ago, I was two hundred pounds of solid muscle, not an ounce of fat." He chuckled in his reminiscing and his toothless gums clicked.

"I hoisted the net on deck with the thing in it. Couldn't see at first what kind of fish it was, all tangled up with weeds, so I gave the whole mess a hefty whack with an oar. Then I started carefully to unwrap the net."

The old fellow's voice, with its hypnotic timbre, was reaching into my brain again, and there I was--standing on deck, gazing with breathless admiration at the snow-white limbs of a beautiful girl lying senseless on a bed of algae. Her skin glistened with myriads of briny droplets like miniature pearls rolling on smooth satin, her ebon hair iridescent in the blinding tropical sun, her body was flawless sculpture."

A paroxysm of coughing tore the umbilical cord of my thoughts, bringing me back to reality again. The sun was disappearing. There was a chill in the air. The old man looked with sighless eyes into the infinite, mauve, evening sky, lost deep in his memories.

On the following day, I chanced across the same spot. There, seated on the bench, smoking his pungent brier, was the old man again.

"Hello, son," he greeted "let me tell you the rest of my story." I sat down.

(cont.)

"Where did I leave off yesterday? Mm, yes," he recollected, "I had whacked her over the head." He cackled like an old rooster.

"First thing I did, after having a good look, I covered her with my shirt. Then I just sat there not knowing what to do. Never seen such a lovely creature in all my life. I looked at her legs, long and slim they were, but there was a fine membrane covering them, like both legs stuck in a greenish-tinged, transparent sheath.

"Just then she came to, looked at me wide eyed, and started to make squeaky, frightened sounds. She never moved, I could see she was scared witless. Tried speaking to her, first in English, then in Spanish, then Portuguese, then a little German and French. But she just lay there, looking at me with her big green eyes. After a while, when she realized I wasn't going to harm her, she tried to get up and I noticed that just behind her ears, half hidden by her hair, she had small gills. Yes, sir, Gills like I had only seen on fishes before. And she had two legs all right, they were kind of grown together with that membrane.

"Then she sat up and my shirt fell off her. I didn't rightly know which way to look." The old man's voice trailed off and I had to nudge him back into the now. He let out a deep sigh and refilled his pipe. I lit it for him. He continued.

"So Leila, for that is the name I gave her, stayed on the boat. After a few days the membrane dried off her legs and she learned to walk. Within a month she could talk and then I taught her to wear clothes, she looked real cute in my old jeans and shirt. After a while I broke her off eating raw fish. When we finally got back to San Diego, she looked and behaved like any normal girl. She wore her hair so you couldn't see the gills and her strangeness towards other people wore off soon enough. When we got home I introduced her to my friends and relatives as my Mexican wife. Oh, yes, I married her before a Justice of the Peace outside Los Angeles. Gave her name as Leila Gonzales and left it at that.

"We were married for twenty years, as happy as could be. Then suddenly, Leila became ill. Wasn't anything you could put your finger on, she lost weight, could not sleep, had all kinds of aches and pains. Then she started having blackouts and took to her bed. I could see she was slowly wasting away, inch by inch. And we both knew what was wrong, the sea was calling her back. Leila had been on land long enough.

"Whilst talking to her over and over, I could see her getting worse. In the end we decided she would have to go back. A hard decision for both of us to make, but I could sense she wasn't going to last much longer on land.

"So we set out for the coast, stopped north of Seattle, at Blaine in Canada. There we hired a boat, and when we were about half a mile off shore she put her arms around me, gave me one last kiss and just leaped overboard. In the water, she took off her clothes, waved to me and was gone." A big tear rolled down the old man's face, he sniffed and blew his nose.

And then my troubles started. When I got back to shore I found the police waiting for me. Some joker with a pair of binoculars had seen Leila kiss me and then jump, thought he had seen a struggle and called the law.

(cont)

What could I tell them? When it was found that Leila had taken a twenty thousand dollar insurance policy on her life, I was charged with murder. And my defence? The jury smiled, the judge laughed. I was lucky to get a commutation."

Just then a guard interrupted.

"All right boys, yards over. Let's move." He looked knowingly at the old man, gave me a wink and, as we fell in line with the rest of the cons to go back to our cells, he made a circling motion with his finger on his forehead.....

OPEN PRISON.
FROM THE PENDLETON PENAL
PRESS

The U.S. government operates the best example of the "open Prison" in this country: the Federal Correctional Institution at Seagoville, Texas.

Seagoville is a true penal institution. It houses men convicted of felonies, and its nearly 500 prisoners are from all walks of life and crime. Some have records of past jailbreaks.

Yet Seagoville has no towers, no weapons, no walls around it. Instead of cells there are dormitories with decent private rooms. Men carry their own keys. Every man, no matter how rotten his reputation, is a trusty. But less than 60 of the 5,200 convicts sent there in the last 11 years have escaped.

Why do the men stay when they are free to walk out practically any time?

One prisoner put it this way: Its just that the officials trust you to begin with...You don't get threats. You get the facts. When I got here two years ago, I figured that the place was a push over. Only one thing stopped me....they trusted me and had faith in me.

That is the basis of Seagoville's program...the prisoners are treated like men. Where other persons are strongly regimented, with every movement ordered and watched, work out his own rehabilitation. He is expected to stand on his own two feet, work hard, and use his time wisely.

And it works. According to government figures, at least 75% of the men rehabilitated as against between 30 and 40% in conventional prisons.

MORGANTOWN.WEST VIRGINIA.

Morgantown's Federal Prison Branch is one of the six Co-Ed prisons in the Federal System. Used to be the J.F.Kennedy Retreat Center. It has 28 cottages, only 5 staff members in the Administration complex, and six (6) prisoners to each cottage----3 Females and 3 Males---its all on the Honor system----(Ho Hummmmm)

AND HOW WAS YOUR DAY*****?

ST PATRICK

"If the virtue of children reflect an honour on their parents, much more justly is the name of St. Patrick rendered illustrious by the lights of sanctity with which the Church of Ireland shone during many ages, and by the colonies of saints with which it peopled many foreign countries." The field of his labours, was the remote corner of the then known world, and he himself was born upon its confines. Whether his birthplace, the village of "Bannavem Taberniae" was near Dumbarton on the Clyde, or in Cumberland to the south of Hadrian's Wall, or at the mouth of the Severn or elsewhere is of no great moment. We may infer from what he says of himself that he was of Romano-British origin.

The Saint's full name in the Roman style was not improbably, Patricus Magonus Sucatus. We cannot be far wrong in supposing that he was born about 389, and that about 403 he with many others was carried off by raiders to become slaves among the still pagan inhabitants of Ireland. There for six years he served his master, and amid the bodily hardships of this bondage his soul grew marvellously in holiness. Whatever it may have been, he tells us himself how "constantly I used to pray in the daytime. Love of God and His fear increased more and more, and my faith grew and my spirit was stirred up, so that in a single day I said as many prayers as a hundred and at night, I said as nearly as many, so that I used to stay even in the woods and on the mountain (to this end.) And before dawn I used to be aroused to prayer, in snow and frost and rain, nor was there any tepidity in me such as now I feel, because then the spirit was fervent within."

To trace in detail the course of the Saint's heroic labours in the land of his former captivity is impossible, left as we are to the confused, legendary and sometimes contradictory data supplied by his later biographers. Tradition declares that his first effort was made in the north beside that Slimish where, according to Muirchu, he had pastured the cattle and prayed to God as a slave.

In 444, according to the Annals of Ulster, the cathedral church of Armagh, the primatial see of Ireland, was founded, and no long time probably elapsed before it became a centre of education as well as administration. There is good reason to believe that St. Patrick held a synod--no doubt at Armagh, though this is not expressly mentioned--and although, again, there may be interpolations, many of the decrees then enacted are still preserved to us as they were originally framed.

All that was most human, and at the same time most divine, in Patrick comes out in such a passage as the following, from his "Confession."

(And many gifts were proffered me, with weeping and with tears. And I displeased them, and also, against my wish, not a few of my elders; but, God being my guide, in no way did I consent or yield to them. It was not any grace to me, but God who conquereth in me, and He resisted them all, so that I come to the heathens of Ireland to preach the gospel and to bear insults from unbelievers so as to hear the reproach of my going abroad and to endure many persecutions even unto bonds, the while that I was surrendering my liberty as a man of free condition for the profit of others. And If I should be found worthy, I am ready to give even my life for His name's sake unflinching and very gladly, and there I desire to spend it until I die, if only our Lord should grant it to me.) But he adds: "I have cast myself into the hands of Almighty God, for He rules everything; as the prophet saith, Cast thy upon the Lord, and He Himself will sustain." This was apparently the secret of the inexhaustible courage and determination manifested by St. Patrick throughout his whole career.

THE CHOICE

Four days now. Four long days, hungry-filled days. The choice was becoming obvious. Not having had a scrap of food since arriving on the island, Matt regarded his dog through thoughtful eyes.

It was the dog, strangely enough, who had saved them only to end up in this predicament. Fire had broken out on board ship and the dog's barking had roused Matt from sleep. Matt had picked him up and together they clambered into a lifeboat and drifted off in the night. Of any other survivors, Matt was unaware. He watched the ship glow in the distance and then disappear.

On the following day they sighted and arrived at this desolate island in the middle of nowhere. When Matt cached the lifeboat, he noticed the axe fastened to the inside of the little craft and wondered what use he could make of it. A chilling utilization presented itself. Matt looked away from the razor-edged axe to the dog. The dog returned the look with baleful eyes as though he, too, had guessed the dreadful import of the axe.

"Well, Spot, said the seaman, "You and I have been shipmates since you were a pup. So We'll wait the day out and see if we can sight a rescue ship."

'Spot' was a misnomer for the poor animal. The dog was one of that special breed of mongrel whose ancestry was open to question. His tawny hide was unmarked by any variation of colour. No spots, dots, patches or stripes showed anywhere and Matt, in one of his more facetious moods had bestowed the appellation of Spot upon him.

Matt lumbered to his feet and began to pace the beach and hopefully scan the horizon. Spot obediently followed his master—he would stop and then resume his dog-trot at Matt's discretion.

The island was barren of animal life. No birds was to be seen, ergo no birds could be captured and no bird's eggs were available. Vegetation was sparse—the grass that grew in patches was bitter to the taste and inedible, as were the leaves from the few trees which bore neither fruit nor nuts, only leaves—indigestible, unpalatable, green leaves. Presumably there were a million fish in the ocean, but how does one catch fish with an axe?

The day wore on with no sign of help coming from the sea. There were no sails, no smoke spirals, nothing but water with billowing miles of waves. Somewhere on the vast ocean there were ships, but not a soul aboard one of those vessels knew that a man and his dog lay stranded and starving on this island.

At sunset, Matt flopped down exhausted on the beach. He realized he was growing weaker and knew he couldn't last much longer without some kind of sustenance.

Spot sank noiselessly down beside him and regarded his master with a quizzical look. There was no reproach in those brown eyes, only trust. Spot knew he hadn't been fed for some time. Something was wrong but this master of his, this God would come through. He had in the past. Spot had faith.

Matt had been thinking quietly all day. He absentmindedly scratched Spot's ear while staring at the lifeboat with its death-making weapon.

"Spot," he crooned softly to the animal, "It's true that man's best friend is his dog. You've been devoted and faithful to me for years. I love you as much as anyone can love a friend but now, Spot old buddy, I'm left with no choice. Tomorrow I may be too weak to do what I have to do and you must be suffering with hunger the same as I am.

cont.

I know your barking saved my life when the ship caught fire, but maybe it would have been quicker that way. Don't look that hurt look Spot. There's no alternative. I either kill and eat you to stay alive for a few more days and hope for a rescue, or else we both starve to death together. There is no choice. I only hope and pray to God that I don't kill you and then get rescued tomorrow. That would be too much to have on my conscience, to know that if I had waited one more day, we would have been saved, I can't wait any longer."

Matt felt a little of the tension ease from him after his explanation of the dilemma to the dog. After mulling the situation over all day long, it seemed better, somehow, to voice the unspoken dread and bring the predicament out in the open. Spot had been, if not an understanding listener, at least a patient one.

The sailor got to his feet and started for the lifeboat; Spot dutifully arose to his feet; "Stay there, Spot!" Matt commanded.

The dog obediently sank back down. Matt went to the lifeboat and, returning with the axe, he stood behind the dog.

"Look out there Spot," Matt pointed to the ocean.

Spot complied with the order and Matt gripped the axe hard.

"Forgive me, Lord" the seaman said quietly and swung hard towards the base of the animals skull.

Using the keen edge of the axe, Matt dissected the body of his canine friend and buried the entrails and other inedible parts in a scooped out hollow in the sand. He then scraped every minute particle of meat from the bones and placed the meat in one pile while the bones went in another. When he was finished, there was a small cairn of fresh, gleaming bones that marked the demise of Spot and a small horde of life-giving meat.

Matt chewed, swallowed and digested the meat. When he had alleviated his hunger with the small but welcome repast, Matt, with sated appetite, fell into a deep sleep.

Next morning he resumed his vigil on the sea. Nothing moved out there except the waves, rolling ceaselessly onward. No sign of life was visible. This was loneliness personified. Matt stoically regarded the horizon.

Towards noon, he rested from his pacing and his eyes fell upon the little gleaming cairn.

"I wish Spot was still here," he mused. "He sure would have loved those bones."

PENAL PRESS

(LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS, (ENEMY) AND OTHER PEOPLE.)

THE OUTLOOK
P.O.BOX. 760
CAMPBELLFORD, ONTARIO
KOL ILO

January 19, 1977.

THE ADVANCE
JOYCEVILLE INSTITUTION
P.O.BOX 880
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Dear Sirs:

It has come to the attention of the editorial staff of The Outlook that the Agust (August) issue of The Advance contains a number of items "borrowed" directly from the pages of The Outlook. This, as you should clearly realize, is a definite and flagrant violation of Canadian Copyright Law. Our staff, in consultation with a team of Philidelphia lawyers from within the institution, have decided to give The Advance an opportunity to properly acknowledge further "borrowed" items from The Outlook, before we commence legal action.

Failure to adhere to the guidelines outlined in Canadian Copyright Law will result in the dispatch of our lawyers to subpoena the staff of the Advance.

Yours Sarcastically,

J.E.Grimes
Associate Editor

Russell B. Newman
Editor.

Nick Padula Editor.
The Advance
P.O.Box 880
Kingston, Ontario
K7L 4X9

Mr. J.E.Grimes.
Assc. Editor:
The Outlook
Campbellford, Ontario

March, 1, 1977

Dear Mr. Grimes:

I am in receipt of your letter dated January-19-1977, in reference to The "Advance" Editors, flagrant violation of the Canadian Copyright Law and the Penal Press code of ethics.

First, allow me to say that as Editor of the Advance, since November-1976, I am unaware of the "Tactic to Borrow" items from other penal publications without giving due credit to the source, by the previous staff of the Advance. As Editor of the Advance, I am sure you can see by the last issues, Nov-Dec-Jan & Feb, that I adhere to the policy that appears in the cover or index of the Advance, (Reprinting of articles granted on condition that source and author receive credit.)

Secondly, I do not fear the legal action by your staff and your Institutional "Philidelphia Lawyers" simply because if they were any good in court proceedings, they wouldn't be in jail, and anyway, I'm from Missouri (USA) and we Missourian's have a motto-- (Show-Me.)

Third, when I mail a letter, I always place the proper postage--never-Postage Due, as your letter arrived at the Advance.

Fourth, I would welcome a subpoena--at least I could get out of here for a few hours.

But all in all, to simplify matters, you can rest assured that If and When the Advance needs other institutions articles, in order to publish a newspaper, then we will give credit where credit is due.

Lastly, I will not sign my name--"Yours Sarcastically" but, I remain-----

INCARCERATED:

Nick. Padula: Editor
The Advance.

PENAL PRESS CONTINUED.....

Now for the brighter side of the letters we get from our friends on the outside..... The Advance would like to thank all the readers who took the time to write us and send their donations to the Advance. Without their support, the Advance could not be mailed out to our many friends. We are very grateful to these people. Many-Many thanks,....

Rev Leloureau	Shirley Rowllins	Linda Florence
Mr. Fleet	Donna Moynagh	Roland Morgan
(Our friend-Nancy Ward Armour)	Calvin Dadian	D. Phillipson
Nicolina Franco(My Friend)	Diane Dadian	Frank Hulseman
Mr. J.W.King	Gwen McIntyre	David Wells
Contact Hamilton,Ont	I.M.Ashby	Mr & Mrs J.H.Kerr
Thomas Hamilton	Rev.Roy A. Dungey	Mrs. G. Lowe
Lennie Concordia	Donna Jones	Leon O'Connor
Mr. Johnson	Dave Heckelbeck	John Morgan Jr.

This is just part of the list of names that have written to the Advance, we will try and list the rest in our next issue. In doing so, the Advance would like to thank the men here at Joyceville who have given stamps and Donations and extend to our Living Unit Officers and Officials, that they also can donate to our cause. There is nothing in the rules that say you cannot enjoy the Advance. So come on people, give a little!!!

When sending donations: Please reply to:

Editor: The Advance
P.O.Box 880
Kingston, Ontario
K7L 4X9
c/o Mr Ken Boone

THE CHARACTERS OF CELL-BLOCK-"B"

In cell-block-"B", there dwells within the strangest characters
ever seen

Their fat and lean, short and tall, and some are even mean,
The strangest thing I've found in all of them the same
If you saw them, then you'd agree, that each one is insane.

The beast, the bear, the names enough, no need to say no more
The polish flash is up and down as he cleans the floor,
The apple picker well he's just sick, he'll never come around
And Wayne will still play hockey, when the ice gives way to
ground.

There's Irishmen and Indians, even a Lebanese
Italians and Frenchmen, everything but a Chinese,
Peddle does his peti-point, Tony does his leather
And Wayne, well Wayne he just worries about the weather.
The Lebanese would like to learn English while he's here
And he's doing good folks, you ought to hear him swear.
Owen sleeps his time away, the Eagle he just wants to fly
Mel just walks around the yard, waiting to say good-bye,
Theres loonies, and theres loonies, I guess I've seen them all
But not like the loonies, I meet in "B"-block hall.

We got four who watch the tube, from morning until night
Take away the TV guide and your sure to start a fight,
And Vince keeps trying to lose weight, why, I don't know
He's eating everything but the plate, and grows, and grows, and
grows,

Someday they'll let us nuts go free, and be what we must be
In our place some more will come, to fill up cell-block-"B".

Written by the number one looney on 4-"B" Guess who and win
an all expenses paid weekend for two in the Big Yard May 24th.

THE POEM of POEMS

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
Life's a short summer--man a flower
By turn we catch the vital breath and die,
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so high.
To be is better far than not to be,
All man's life me seems a tragedy,
For light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb
The bottom is but shallow whence they come
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall
Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care
Custom does often reason overrule
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see it's face,
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place
Then keep each passion down, however dear,
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure by,
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
Soar not too high to fall; but stoop to rise,
We masters grow of all that we despise
O then renounce that impious self-esteem!
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream
Nor think ambition wise because 'tis brave;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
Only destruction to the brave and great.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down
How long we live, not years, but actions tell,
That the man lives twice, who lives his first life well
Make then, while yet you may, your God my friend;
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just;
And live we how we can, yet die we must.....

() COMPOSED BY TAKING ONE LINE FROM THE WORKS OF 38 DIFFERENT POETS. ()

The four walls that surround me each night,
How I dread how they hold me tight;
The slam of the cold steel door,
That tells me there will be many more.

The thought of all these wasted years,
With all my hopes and fears of ones I hold
dear;
Which brings me to the brink of tears.

But will the years go quickly by;
Or will I sit and rot and die?
But yet I will survive
And come out of this alive.

And as I stop to think,
"If I would not have taken just that one
drink"
I might not be in this place where they
hold me,
But outside at home and free;
With ones that hold dear
And may not see for years, and years.

T
W
O

by
duff

P
O
E
M
S

The absent of you makes my heart
cry out in deep despair,
Longing for the embrace of your loving
arms, your head with
Its golden hair resting on my shoulders
With the tender look of your eyes
that seem to caress me as
They tell me the unspoken words
I Love You....

Yet we are apart in so many ways,
But still cling to each other as if it is an
unwritten law
That we are meant for each other.
Nothing can keep us apart, not the long lonely days
And nights, or the distance of numerous miles.

As if our destiny
Has been cast
And cannot be changed, even after our little quarrels
We return to each other, one forgiving the other,
With no remorse,
Always ready to pick up and start over again
And to you and me this can only be True Love.....

CORRECTIONS

The Advance would like to apologize for omitting the names of some of the people who were responsible for their service at the Family Day held in December.

Mr. Green, Supervisor of Food Service for his time and effort in preparing food for this event and to his men, Howard Malloy and Boyd Shire, the cooks who did a splended job. To Pappy McViegh who served the food...To you men, Thank you and please accept my apology.....

Easter Family Day will be April 2, 1977. The same regulations are in effect as the previous family day. The Advance will cover this event and report the next issue. We extend our thanks to the Inmate Committee and those who have made this Family Day possible and hope that everyone will enjoy the program that will appear at this gathering.

We welcome the guests of our men and wish everyone a very Happy Easter and may God bless all.

THE POWER OF PERSONHOOD

(FROM MY FRIEND NICOLINA)

BY

Toni Carabillo

I wish you Peace.

A Love that holds close with open arms;

The Power of Personhood,

The Joy of being

Free to....Be.

WHAT EASTER MEANS TO ME

The message of Easter was the most hotly debated doctrine of the Christian Church in the early centuries but finally was accepted as an undisputed fact of history. However, it is not the fact that Jesus Christ rose from the grave which has always captured my imagination, but the effect of that fact upon the lives of those who had been the followers of Jesus during his earthly ministry.

The Resurrection changed the whole life of every individual who knew that Jesus appeared for Forty Days after His Resurrection. He came back to visit with His former friends. He had breakfast with the fishermen on the shore of the lake. He taught them a new quality of life.

It is this quality of life, which I am anxious to possess. It is that kind of living which gives victory over the baser things of life. It is the type of every day experience which gives enthusiasm, peace, joy and happiness to all relationships with others. It is something which keeps life above envy, jealousy and losing my temper.

It is the word of St. Paul: "If ye then be risen with Christ, see those things which are above."

Easter means that to me.....

Nick Padula
2 2

"THE MEANING OF EASTER"

Paul, the first Christian missionary to the Gentiles, was an educated Jew by race. As a Christian, he had two types of people to evangelize. First of all, his fellow Jews--to tell them he saw that the crucifixion and the rising again of the dead was a "stumbling block". For no orthodox Jew could really understand why their Messiah should allow himself to be put to death, and especially by the Romans. Even if they could have the slightest belief that He'd risen again from the dead, it still was not in keeping with the Jewish idea of the Messiah.

The apostle Paul knew that to the Greek philosophers, Jesus crucified and risen was "foolishness". No philosophical system could ever logically reason that somebody dying on the cross would be the will of God, or of a sensible human being.

Yet, the Christian faith is almost totally based on the life, suffering, death and resurrection of a man called Jesus--who actually lived in history, a man who not only talked about the love of God, the Father, but who also fully lived it. His life was the message, not just his words. In so doing, he not only changed his own life, but pioneered the power which is changing the world.

Rev. "Mitch" Mitchell.

(1-CORINTHIANS-1: 22--24.)

For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness; But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and wisdom of God...)

(GOOD FRIDAY APRIL 8, 1977--SERVICE OF WORSHIP 9:00 A.M. WITH LIVE
DRAMA FOLLOWING AT 9:45 A.M.)

THE MEANING OF LENT

Recently I was asked "What is Lent?"

I looked first at the origin of the word and learned that the word has origins in the Anglo-Saxon word 'lengthen', mention was made also that the word stems from the name of the Teutonic goddess of spring 'Eostre'.

Lent begins on Ash Wednesday, (this year February 23rd) and extends for 40 days until Easter Sunday. However upon making a tabulation of the days from Ash Wednesday until Easter Sunday we discover that there are 46. Included are already holy days, the Sundays. The Lenten season provides the Christian community with opportunity to deepen the spiritual life. It is a time for us individually to weigh values and to meditate upon the lengthy journey of Jesus towards Calvary's cross. In this meditation we zero in upon the reality that this journey was for all men. Jesus left his home in Heaven for the salvation of everyone. It is therefore the image of Jesus on the Cross and His suffering and pain and agony which moves us personally to sorrow for our shortcomings and personal sinfulness. The more we look to the cross, the more we become aware of God's love and how undeserving we are of that love.

Several years ago millions of people sat transfixed, eyes focused on television screens. Before them spread the dead, colorless, pock-marked surface of man's great conquest: the moon.

Soon a foot, then a leg, then the body of a man appeared from the lunar capsule. Man had stepped on to the lunar surface. He walked, a queer kangaroo like hop on the atmosphereless moon. It was the climax of scientific achievement and electronic miracles. It cost more than 22 billion dollars for that one flight.

Nearly 2000 years ago a Man walked on earth. His walk had been planned in the eternal counsel of God. He spanned the gap between eternity and time in order to prepare the way for man's journey into a life that is eternal. This journey was costly. The glory of heaven, the love of God, the life of His Son--these were part of the price so willingly paid. The walk ended in the shame of the cross.

On the cross Jesus hung between two thieves; burdened by the sin of the world; hanging forsaken between heaven and earth. Was this the end...indeed not? He rose from the dead and walked again among men and He beckons to us today. He calls us to repentance, to that true repentance which comes readily when we see what God in Christ has done for us... 'We were God's enemies but through the death of his Son he makes us His friend's'.

Lent then is renewal if we mean business for God. The Bible says;... 'those who trust in the Lord for help will find their strength renewed. They will rise on wings like eagles, they will run and not get weary, they will walk and not grow weak', Isaiah 40:31 (Good News Bible) We keep Lent best when our eyes are turned to the Cross. Lent bids us look to God and to look to our hearts to make sure that Christ dwells there.

Prayer "Lord Jesus, may we never forget your goodness. Help us to show gratitude in all we say and do. Guide us in the way we should go. Grant that we may not be so obsessed with the chaos of this world that we lose the sense of Jesus' majesty.

Sin, separation and death and destruction have been defeated and we ascribe all honour, glory and majesty to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in whose name we pray. Amen.

GOD BLESS YOU ALL THIS EASTER SEASON

Chaplin Hickman
Salvation Army

LENT IS LIKE SPRING TRAINING

Reading the sport pages and sort of becoming a little weary of all the hockey over the winter, it is always like a breath of spring to read about my favorite team, the Yankees, in Fort Lauderdale getting ready for another busy schedule. I suppose the Christians have had spring training since about the 5th Century. We call it Lent. For we need spring training as much as any baseball team for as the athletes have fallen out of shape, get overweight, need limbering up after the long winter. Spring training makes pitching, batting, fielding, smooth and sharp again. So too must we limber up our human nature which tends to get sluggish, get into our spiritual ruts, as most of us are overweight with self-indulgence. So during Lent as spring training we must try to pray as we understand our God with prayer, self-denial, sharing. So Lord make us strong enough to practice in our own lives what we preach to our most welcome rookies in Christianity. So as we try to die a little with you these forty days of spring training may we make the Team and rise with you to the top of the standings in your score-book on Easter Sunday.

"Pappy" McVeigh

PLATE 1. THE GREAT WALL

The Great Wall of China is one of the most famous and longest of the world's fortifications. It is a series of walls and towers built by the Chinese to protect their country from invasions.

The wall is made of stone and brick, and is built on a high, steep mountain. It is surrounded by a deep moat, and is guarded by soldiers.

The wall is built in a zig-zag pattern, and is made of many different materials. It is built on a high, steep mountain, and is surrounded by a deep moat.

The wall is built in a zig-zag pattern, and is made of many different materials. It is built on a high, steep mountain, and is surrounded by a deep moat.

The wall is built in a zig-zag pattern, and is made of many different materials. It is built on a high, steep mountain, and is surrounded by a deep moat.

I'VE GROWN OLD, SO...

Suddenly age comes rushing down,
The vitality of youth has gone;
And, when I look back at
The time they waste with silly chat;
I scorn the youth I see.
They're not as good as I used to be!

My eyes close in shame
At them and their fancy game;
Never would I have done
The things I see now going on...
Or could I?

Am I telling myself a lie?
Did I, and now jealously,
Wish that youth would hide their whim,
For they set fire to my pride within;
And, I bathe in my own hypocrosy...
Youth has the better of me!

Shelter me, I can't stand it any longer;
I pine for morality.
What I've done when a fool and younger,
My convictions now won't accept, easily.

Guess I'm still not sure what is right or wrong,
And I'm still afraid to believe things I don't know.
Nor can I take a chance that may pull me down,
For my weaknesses must never show.
I must command respect for all my views,
If I'm never confused I can never lose;
Old, but wise. My facade, a manipulative ruse;
But to youth I must not lose.

Ah, yes, one day too, they will know,
But by that time I will have moved on;
And other youth they will watch grow,
If only they could stop putting each other down!
If the aged could show the respect they've learned,
And youth learn some respect to show,
Then our society would be so much stronger;
I've grown old, so...I know!

By/ V.R. NEVERSON:



WHY DO PEOPLE DRINK ?

Socially, people drink to enjoy a "high" feeling, or to overcome a low feeling. They also drink to relax and promote sleep, to relieve social or physical discomforts, or to make a gathering more enjoyable and also as a part of a social or religious ritual.

Many young people take up the use of alcohol to imitate their parents, other adults, or to be accepted by their friends and for a feeling of being in the in crowd which makes them feel sophisticated.

People are influenced to drink more or drink less by those around them. There is a direct relationship between the overall level of consumption and the number of alcohol-dependent people.

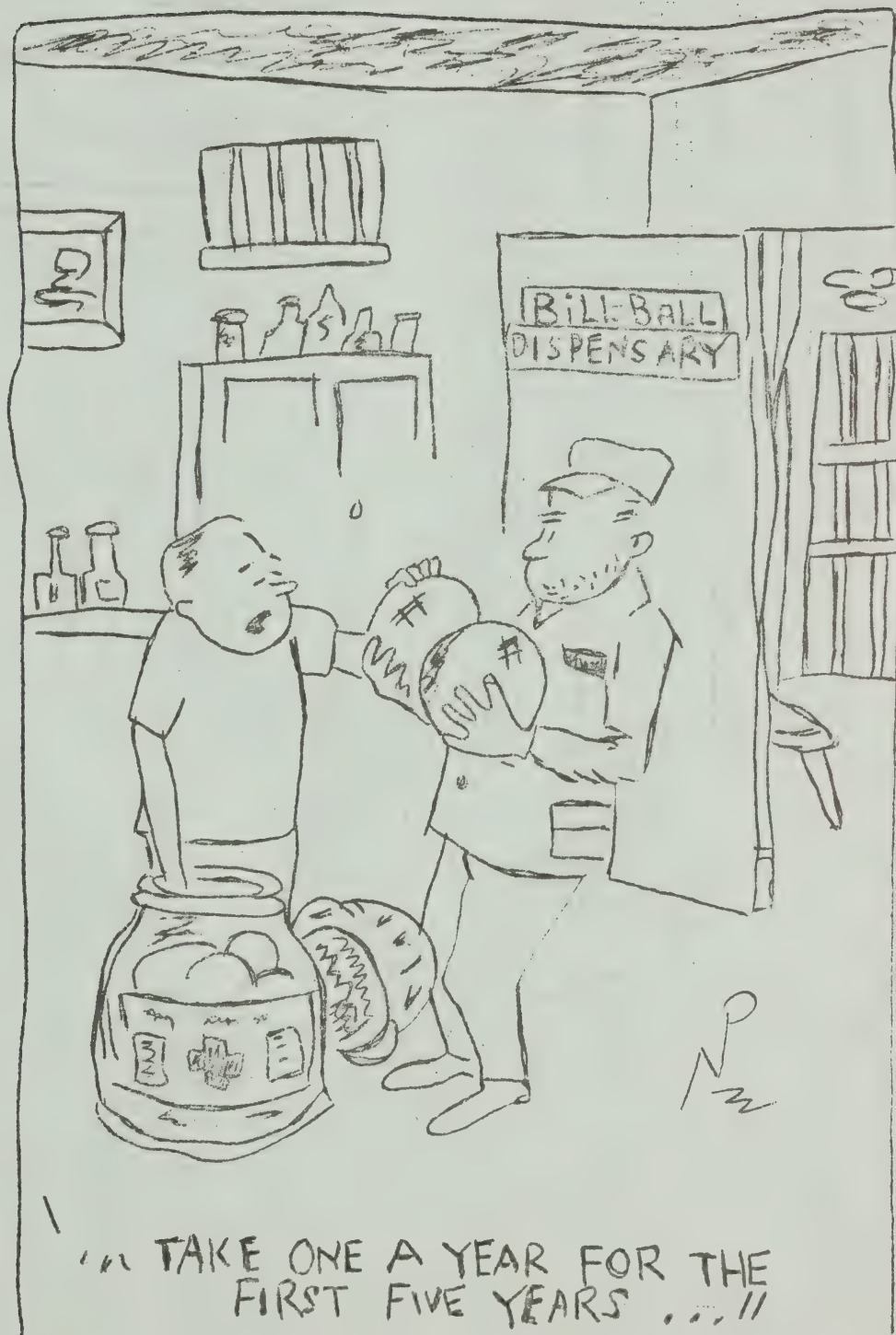
A lot of people wonder why they have what is commonly called a "hangover" the day after they have consumed a large amount of alcohol. They usually give themselves the excuse that it was the mix they added to the alcohol or the cigarettes they smoked while they were drinking. When it actually is caused by the alcohol they have consumed. This is called a mild case of alcohol poisoning. It is, in part, the bodies reaction to the withdrawal from alcohol.

In fact 100% pure alcohol if one were to drink it would kill you. Yet the majority of adult people drink today. Why? As they don't know the damage it can do to their body. Such as liver damage, skin problems, lose of appetite inflammation of the nerves and, yes, loss of memory and blackouts. The loss of memory which can be permanent.

But no-one can stop a person from drinking if he wants to. It is entirely up to the individual if he wishes to stop.

A program I myself have found is through Alcoholics Anonymous. It has helped me take a giant step in overcoming my problem of being an alcoholic. And I can only suggest, if you have a problem with alcohol, that you attend our Liberty Group meetings every Wednesday at 7:30 P.M. or on Saturdays at 1:30 P.M.

Bryan Duffy
Chairman Liberty Group



"TAKE ONE A YEAR FOR THE
FIRST FIVE YEARS ..."



"Wonder what made the Editor of the Advance think we would give him a Parole....Ha! he can't even make a T.A. Pass..."

SPORTS

JOYCEVILLE OLD TIMERS AGAIN MASSACRED

(AND BY THE SAME TEAM)

On January 23, the Joyceville Old Timers played host to the Amherstview Old Timers. The outside team was brought in by Mr Charlie Sherman, the instructor from the Gym Shop.

The Joyceville Old Timers didn't have a chance from the start as Amherstview led 5 to 0 at the end of the first, 7 to 1 at the end of two and 11 to 2 at the end of the game. The Joyceville goals were scored by Wayne Kelly with the help of Beaudoin and by Roy Partridge, Rec. Supervisor. It was a good clean game with only three penalties..

The Jets had their second exhibition game on the 29th here at Joyceville against the Queens and the Jets showed a lot of improvements. The score was tied 1 to 1 at the end of the first. The Queens took over the lead at the end of the second 2 to 1., with the Queens winning the game 3 to 2. There was a lot of action and a good clean game for each team. Wayne Kelly got the first goal with the help of Sarg O'Connor and R&V Power. Robbie Keays got the second goal with help from Wayne Kelly.....

REGULAR SCHEDULE STANDINGS

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>G.P.</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>	<u>TIED</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
RAIDERS	11	11	0	0	22
BRUINS	11	7	4	0	14
THUNDERBIRDS	11	4	7	0	8
CYCLONS	11	0	11	0	0

TEN TOP PLAYERS

<u>PLAYERS</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>G.P.</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASST</u>	<u>POINTS</u>	<u>P.I.M.</u>
W.KELLY	RAIDERS	11	37	42	79	10
S.O'CONNOR	RAIDERS	11	21	32	53	4
R. KEAYS	BRUINS	10	31	22	53	4
R. POWER	RAIDERS	11	16	25	41	4
P. LAMBERT	RAIDERS	11	15	23	38	6
P. MINCHELLA	CYCLONS	11	9	20	29	6
J. SAUVE	THUNDERBIRDS	11	14	14	28	0
P.MONAHAN	RAIDERS	11	11	10	21	6
T. WHYTE	BRUINS	9	9	12	21	6
D. CAREFOOT	RAIDERS	11	3	16	19	6

ASS'T COMMISSIONER
J. HAGAN.

SEMI- FINALS

The Semi-Finals (3 out of 5) between the Bruins and Thunderbirds got underway on Feb.1st. The first game was close with both teams going all out but the Bruins won the game 5 to 4. The second game was a massacre with the Thunderbirds falling to pieces in the second and third periods as the Bruins won the game 10 to 3. The third game was close with both teams leading several times throughout this game but the Bruins won this game by a score of 5 to 4 taking the series 3 games straight.

In the Finals,(4 out of 7) on Feb 4th between the Bruins and the Raiders, the score was 5 to 2 after a fast paced first period for the Raiders. The Raiders went ahead 8 to 4 at the end of the second. The Bruins, after playing 4 straight games showed their tiredness when the Raiders scored 5 unanswered goals winning the first game by a score of 13 to 4. There were 8 penalties this game.

The second game was played on Feb 16th, and the Raiders went down to their first defeat of the season by being over-confident and the Bruins play a good game. The score was tied 1 to 1 at the end of the first. The Bruins then jumped ahead in the second to lead 5 to 2. The Bruins winning the game 7 to 3 to tie the series 1 all. 4 penalties in this game.

The third game on the 7th, was another fast pace game from start to finish with both teams having good chances all through the game. The Bruins led at the end of the first but the Raiders came back in the second with 4 unanswered goals to lead 4 to 2. After a hard fought third period, the Raiders won the game 6 to 3. There were 8 penalties.

The forth game was another massacre when the Raiders led at the first 2 to 1 and then turned it on to win the game by a score of 15 to 4. ' 8 penalties were handed out and the Raiders now lead 3 games to 1.

On Feb 9th, the fifth game got underway. The Bruins led 3 to 2 at the end of the first but the Raiders again turned it on in the second by scoring 9 goals (unanswered) and went on in the third to win by a score of 12 to 5 to win the Championship... 2 penalties in this last game.

To all the men who played in this Semi-final and Finals, the Advance would like to commend you all for your fine sportsmanship. You guys gave the fans here at Joyceville a lot of good entertainment and have shown that no matter what our predicament, we as men, can bring about a few laughable moments in those who are unfortunate.

Thanks fellows, for a wonderful time.

Your Sports Comm.

J. Hagan.

&

Advance.

ICE HOCKEY

SEMI- FINALS

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>G.P.</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
BRUINS	3	3	0	6
THUNDERBIRDS	3	0	3	0

5 TOP PLAYERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>G.P.</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASS'T</u>	<u>POINTS</u>	<u>P.I.M.</u>
R. KEAYS	BRUINS	3	9	4	13	0
M. KELLY	BRUINS	3	4	8	12	0
MINCHELLA	THUNDS	3	2	7	9	0
T. WHYTE	BRUINS	3	3	5	8	4
D. NIELSON	BRUINS	2	3	2	5	0

FINALS

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>G.P.</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
RAIDERS	5	4	1	8
BRUINS	5	1	4	2

5 TOP PLAYERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>G.P.</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASST</u>	<u>POINTS</u>	<u>P.I.M.</u>
W. KELLY	RAIDERS	5	21	20	41	8
R. POWER	RAIDERS	5	11	6	17	0
S. O'CONNOR	RAIDERS	5	6	10	16	8
R. KEAYS	BRUINS	5	8	1	9	10
CAREFOOT	RAIDERS	5	4	4	8	0

By/ J. Hagan

Asst Commissioner.

VII

Harold worked in bionics. It was one of the newer departments at Moon Prison, Mare Umbrium Region. He loved archaeology, biology and plants. Tomm said he was in love with his hydroponic greenhouse pets. Harold scoffed.

"Yes, and we're building bionic dogs and cats too!"

Sum Lee laughed.

"Food for the non-bionics and nuts and bolts for breakfast for the rest!"

Harold was eating the sort of spaghetti where you had to be an expert twirler with a large napkin tied around your neck. As he twirled the spaghetti in its red sauce he spoke through the strands of pasta:

"Yes...well...that's not what we think! We're working on making biological organisms inhabiting steel skeletons!"

Sum Lee wasn't eating the spaghetti. He was eating the salad and dipping it in soy sauce. Harold grimaced at the mixture.

"Now there's a mess!" he said.

Tomm had given up on the spaghetti. He couldn't feel dignified. "But listen, Harold! What's the point? We got lots of dogs and cats with bone skeletons!"

"Structural stress!" said Harold. "We won't persuade real dogs and cats to live with steel skeletons, but we grow colonies of cells on them and we hope to adapt non-pathogenic bacteria to the shape!"

"Why?"

"Well, if they get damaged we can always use the frames to make new ones! The alloys aren't destructible!"

"But they can't be as good as real dogs and cats!"

Harold backed up a little. "Well, we just say they're dogs and cats because we made the frames to look that way! Actually it isn't flesh we're making anyway! It just looks like flesh!"

"What's bionic about it then?"

"Chemicals is all! They're actually inorganic frames with bio-chemicals for bacteria to live on!"

"For what reason?"

"Well, we feel that's how it got started in the first place. Bacteria convert inorganics into organics!"

"You mean they're really garbage bags with a new shape?" Tomm asked.

Harold went purple. "Laugh if you like! We've got some one-cell chains that actually move on their own! They started out as non-pathogenic bacteria on Yttrium!"

"What in hell's Yttrium?" Bob asked, leaning over from the next row of bancos.

Harold had his pipe lit.

"It's your old lady's muff!" he barked and went off up the hall leaving a contrail.

Tomm shook his head. "I'm afraid one of his mechanical dogs must have bit him when he wasn't looking!"

Sum Lee had a dry wit.

"Confucius say that hair of wild dog cannot be depended upon to always have fleas!"

Tomm grinned. "And why, does he say?"

"Yes!" Sum Lee went on in a playful singsong: "It is because fleas are sociable! Wild dog isn't educated enough to really appreciate fleas!"

"Seriously!" Tomm said, "What do you think?"

"I think we're crawling towards the time that fleas won't find any of us recognizable!" Sum Lee said, and went off to the Math department. "By the way," he shot back at Tomm as he left, "I solved the 5 dimensions problem! I'll show you tonight!"

VIII

The scout ship from Aldebaran was parked in orbit around Pluto. Its sensors were pin-pointed on the action going on around Mars, the moon and Earth.

"Will they make it?" the sub-altern asked the silent control room.

The captain sounded weary. "If they do, they'll miss the point of it!"

The adjutant sniffed. "Crude! Such crude machinery! It took them a week to get to their moon!"

The captain adjusted the comfort gas level. He was feeling too sleepy.

"Well," he remarked drily, "Our ancestors didn't have to fight their way up from the jungles!"

"True," the adjutant trilled, "But what is the purpose in all these activities? If they fail to see the significant they'll sink back into the jungle again!"

The sub-altern was courageous. He adjusted the sensor-beam dials even more finely and could hear the closed-circuit transmissions from the scene of activity over 4 billion miles away.

"These beasts sound intelligent though!" he offered, "They have music!"

"Music!" scoffed the adjutant, "Jungle jiggles!"

The adjutant was a polished cynic so the sub-altern desisted from further comment. He busied himself trying to decode the transmissions from moon to earth, earth to Mars and vice versa. Presently he looked up and addressed the captain strolling in the control room patio-garden where there was the background of stars gleaming in the black.

"They are speaking of dimensions sir!" he piped.

"Dimensions!?" the captain sounded shocked. "Dimensions of what?"

"No, sir," the subaltern said, "They don't use the word as we do. They think of them as unseen levels of reality!"

"Unseen levels of reality?" the captain sounded amused. "To whom?"

"They don't see any other intelligences but their own sir! Even amongst one another they only see one another as environmental objects!"

"Really?" the captain sounded amazed. "They don't even sense one another as intelligences?"

"No sir! They presume from motions others make that they have intelligence too, but they don't know it of others except as an abstract respect. Even in themselves they find hidden motivations the ordinary thing!"

"Hidden motivations?" the adjutant said, failing to sniff in contempt, for once really interested, "Do you say that they merely act on impulse?"

"Yes sir!" the sub-altern said, "From what I've heard they have patterns of set cultural ways and manners imprinted in them by educational conditioning and when the impulses come they measure by what they call their conscience or morality patterns as to whether they will go or not go in following the impulse!"

"Dreadful!" the adjutant remarked, pouring himself a drink of kvass.

"It is!" the captain agreed. "Why do they have these imposed limitations?"

"From what I've learned sir it is because some of the impulses are harmful urges towards others and even towards themselves!"

"Truly?" the captain remarked, his color rising. He got out of his chair and went to look at the charts. "Perhaps we are unwise to park so close to this area! It sounds like a sink of depressed energies!"

"You mean a black hole is forming here sir?" asked the sub-altern.

"Perhaps that's a bit heavy..." offered the adjutant.

"Not at all!" corrected the captain. "There must be an abyss here somewhere in one of the dimensions!"

"A blow out sir?" the adjutant sounded hysterical.

"Yes! Sounds like it!"

The sub-altern said, "Then it isn't a sink, sir?"

"Well, there may be some pits!" offered the captain, "But this sounds like an explosion of spatial dimensions to me! A warp!"

"Due to what, sir?" asked the sub-altern.

The captain looked worried. He spoke slowly, "Well, even though it's science fiction to us, and I recall reading of such things in the story books during my school years, the theory runs that a ship out of time would do such damage to the spatial dimensions!"

"You mean a time ship blew up here?" the adjutant almost shrieked.

The captain looked at him thoughtfully. "Oh come now, Punja! Surely a modernist like you doesn't fear possession by time ghosts?"

The adjutant's face was ashen.

"Excuse me, sir!" he said, "I feel a bit ill!" He went out towards the sick bay.

The captain looked at the sub-altern with a twinkle in his eye. "And you, Marki? Do you feel ill too?"

"Why no, sir!" said the sub-altern, "It sounds exciting!"

"It's a witch's brew I fear!" remarked the captain. "To be safe, we'll pull back 2 or 3 parsecs to see if we picked up any bugs!"

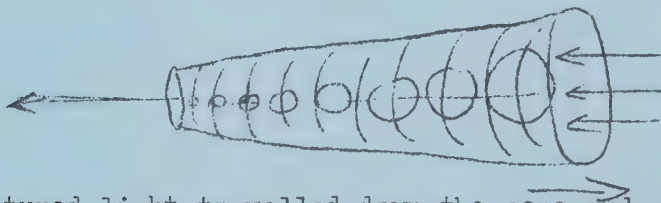
"Bugs, sir?!" the subaltern said.

"Yes, bugs! Big black bugs!" the captain said enigmatically and then he went into his study. He left Marki blinking nervously.

IX

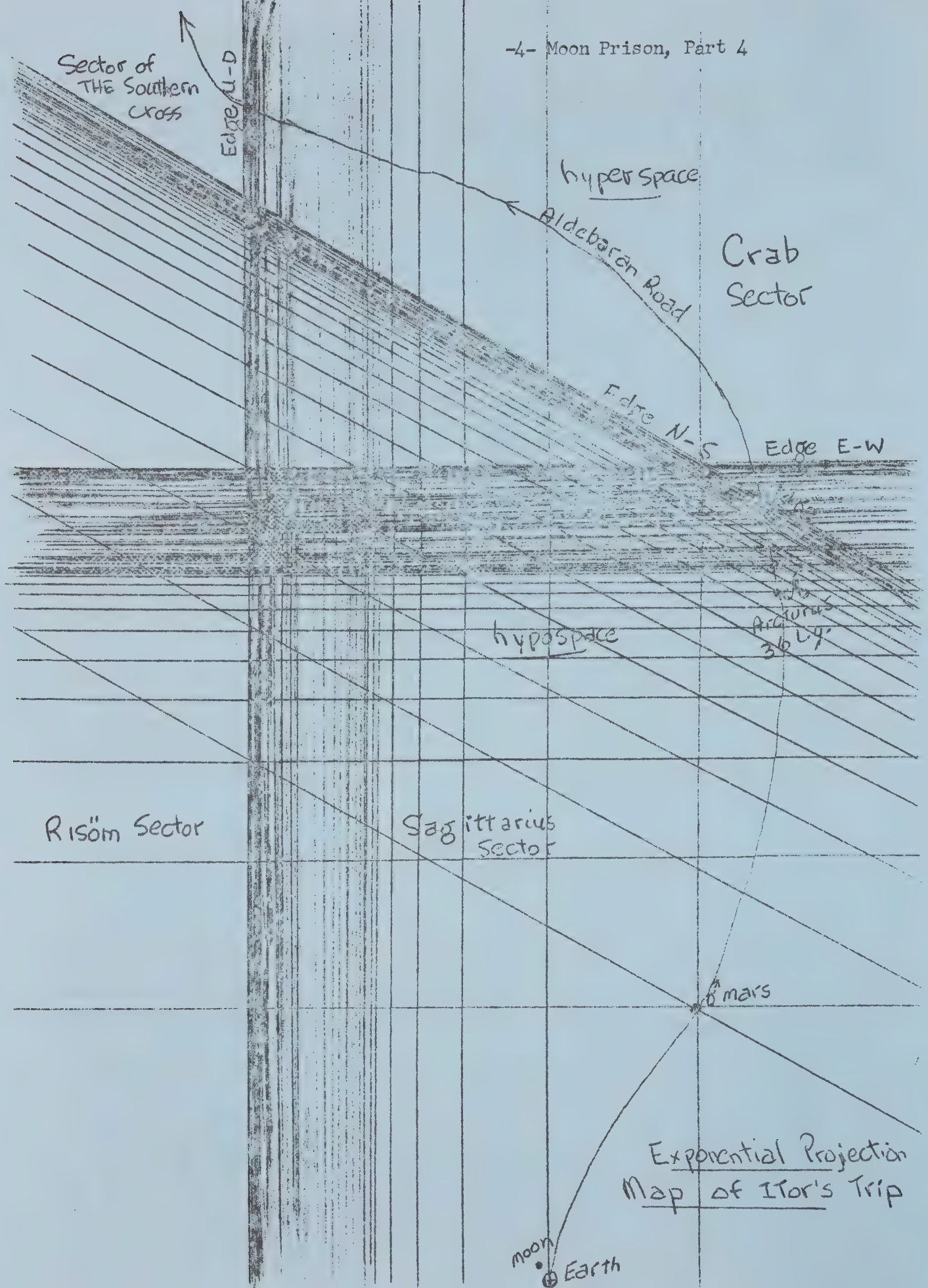
The Road to Aldebaran: 5000 light years long. A sort of Isthmus of Panama between the Crab Nebula Sector and the Sagittarius Cluster Sector. It began at Arcturus, 36 light years from earth, headed out in the South and gently curved into the SouthEast at an elevation of 75 degrees, azimuth 315. It was a non-stop flight through hyperspace most of the way, but the liners were comfortable. In fact, they were plush. Itor had to congratulate the company which ran them. They were magnificently efficient.

The ship Itor travelled in was one of the new breed which no longer used atomics as the power source. It was a ship that travelled by warping space. Establishing a wave upon whose crest it rode, while both fore and aft there was no warp at all. This Eigenwave was a variable vector, a rail magnetically formed which became out of space and returned to space after the ship had passed. The ship looked like a travelling cone:



Captured light travelled down the cone and was concentrated by spheres into a magnetic rail. A wheel-circuit, at right angles to the rail enabled the ship to travel forward on this rail as it was continuously formed in its bowels out of light. As the acceleration increased exponentially without bounds, since the faster light was condensed the faster the ship went, there was no limit to the speeds possible. The ship travelled in hyperspace many times faster than the speed of light in hypospace. It was only visible to another ship travelling within the same light speed decade.

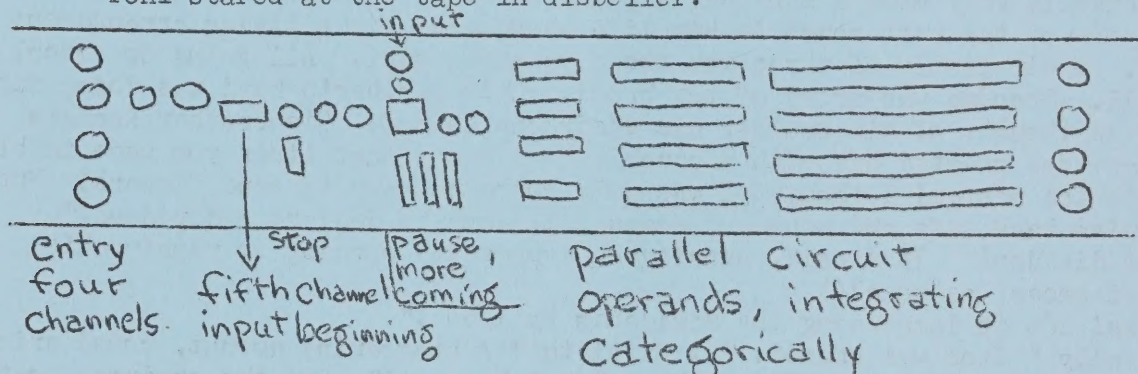
Itor was listening to the news broadcast. There was an interesting item from a scout ship operating in the Sol-G(Earth) sector. It was puzzling. According to the official news release the earth men had discovered the Old Subway System station on Mars. There was some excitement in official quarters about the possibility of reactivating the old line. It had been discontinued due to lack of traffic. Apparently it had been reactivated locally and there was traffic of some sort through the terminal but the Time Channels Corporation (TCC) didn't know what sort of traffic it was. There was some speculation on vertical traffic, but this was rejected as most improbable and such talk involved ancestors, so it was dropped as a political hazard.



Ito looked across the vast lobby almost deserted at this hour of the morning and tried to recall what he had learned of the Sol-G(Earth) System from school. It wasn't much. Just a bit of Ancient History lore no one had ever troubled verifying or denying. A legend of the Old Times, some millions of years in the distant past. According to the story, Sol-G(Earth) System had been discovered in the orderly explorations of the 3rd Empire(Vituvic Generation), one of the earliest on record. Some attempts had been made to establish a colony there, but the world had proven too difficult to develop economically, so operations had been shifted to Mars. The record never said anything at all about what happened to the Mars efforts. The last note on the subject had been rather enigmatic and stirred a chord in him when he'd read it as a young lad, as it still did: " Mars Civilization ceased, as did that of Earth, due to the formation of a black hole sink in the spatial weaves at the locus, cause unknown." The area became forbidden to traffic since it was feared that a collapse of the whole hypospace structure into hyperspace was imminent. Where this sink would lead to was very much a mystery no one cared to explore...

X

Toni stared at the tape in disbelief:



Aberration introduction and almost immediate integration. An anomaly of brief duration. Down the tape further after this initial surrealism there was only a blip, a dot growing smaller until it disappeared and the regular 4 channels on each side continued as usual. How on earth could signals from a non-existent channel receiver integrate like that? They almost seemed to be channel-seeking signals. A homing device? Oh well, he didn't know all the stuff the technicians had up their sleeves. Perhaps they were checking the work of convicts like himself. After all, the illusion of freedom was pretty good. Couldn't blame them for keeping a check. It was discrete enough to be painless...

The sub-altern looked up with a smile.

"Locked in sir!" he piped.

"Good!" the captain barked, " For a moment there that technician thought-felt an alarm!"

" I pressed that there are higher technicians!"

"Well done!" the captain laughed. "True too, true!" He sat down at the console. The adjutant was even smiling too. He sat down in the companion console facing the captain.

"Now for some music!" said the captain.

XI

The big liner Southern Cross came to berth in its cat's cradle at the vast port on Aldebaran III with the gentlest of tremors. The pilot was excellent. His touch a marvel of grace. Ito felt content with his entire voyage to and from Arcturus II. He had been absent from the home office for only a week, but he felt a deep sense of pride in the lawns and flowerbeds as

the limousine drove him up to the foyer. The terrazzo tile rang cleanly to the tune his new pumps from Arcturus II played on it. They were green and the heels were of hard teakwood. The doors opened with a silent glide as he broke the circuit of the beam between the entrance pillars. The tune of his heels changed as he walked onto the thick pile which followed the drum-beats like brushes doing an obligato rush in moods of lighter green. It was a rich foyer with lights hushed in the high cedar walls. It was featureless except for these details, but the blued dome was a radiant cloud of bouncing colors. The tubular elevators carried him swiftly up to the 23rd floor.

His receptionist beamed at him. He beamed back. He went into his office and noticed the package on his blotter. It turned out to be a birthday present from his wife, Dori. She was visiting her mother at Sadler's Wells in the mountain playground area of the Klord Mountains. He took a bet with himself as he opened it, as to its contents. He smiled when he saw he was right. A greenish-blue oblong of the best grass, in a sandalwood box. That woman had the deftest hand in knowing exactly what made a man feel gay and carefree and damn comfortable! It had been one of the best moves in his life when he'd made a living arrangement with her. Their family of three was two boys and a girl. All going to school and doing well. Grandma was proud of the brood. His brother's herd was doing fine also. As he thought of his brother his visiphone chimed. His brother Rorik's urbane baritone greeted him with a chuckle: "I heard that liner you were in blew up outside the system! I thought I was only going to have to send flowers! But since you're back safe and sound, I guess I'll have to declare a dividend!"

"A dividend?" Itor said, sensing an avenue was opening to repair his sagging finances (as usual!)

"Yes! TCC is increasing the dividends by 1/50!"

"Really?" Itor was amazed. "A fiftieth?" A staggering amount, considering the family's investments in TCC stocks. "What happened? Did the chairman get heatstroke or what?"

"No baby! It's a new development in the Sol-G sector!"

"Really?" Itor was incredulous. "Jesus! It was just on the news!"

"TCC is alive, boy! We are there!"

"True..." Itor said in an absent-minded tone, thinking of how TCC probably had him on their tapes all the while he was away. He smiled a bit as he thought of some of the time sequences. If any of the operators monitored the tapes they must sit on duty with a perpetual hard on...

XII

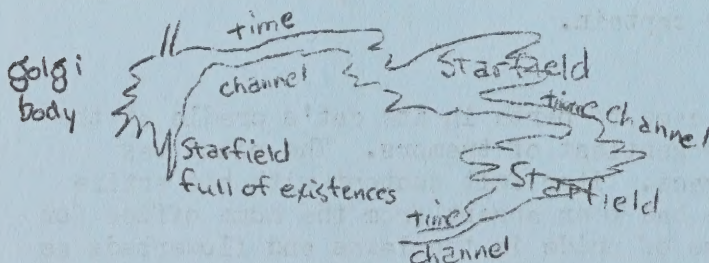
time presence

Krim thought of presence as a moving gap in time:

past (passed)  future

A presence consolidating past experiences, building the channel forward as it went. Like the tip of a growing plant. The life germ in the middle of the stalk.

This one channel life had been his for centuries, inhabiting only one channel of his being. Now his time presence(mind) was growing. Instead of



this small vision he now saw three dimensional opportunities of self-investment. His time presence(mind) was expanding so that he could span more than one channel at a time... TO BE CONTINUED.



THE HONOURABLE MR JUSTICE SLAPEN EN'JALE. Q.C.

The Honourable Justice had this to say about the Advance.....

"Recommend it..Controversial...No Beer or Girlie Ads..... Arrests one's attention...Can only give a favourable verdict... Suggest a ~~sentence~~, err... beg pardon, a subscription of two years."

When asked if he had ever contributed to the Advance, he replied," Certainly, Contributed the Editor!!!!

SEND ALL REPLIES TO:

MR. KEN BOONE.
c/o THE ADVANCE
P.O.BOX 880
KINGSTON, ONTARIO
K7L 4X9



FROM: ADVANCE

P.O. Box 880

KINGSTON. ONT

K7L 4X9

TO:

J. Sheppard

Dep Centre of Criminology

University of Toronto

Toronto, Canada

M5S 1A5

ORDER YOUR COPY

NOW.

OR ELSE !!!

